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Poetry.

MY HEART IS WITH THEE.

When the breeze with a whisper
Steals soft through the grove,
A sweet earnest lover
Of music and love,
When his gentle caressings
Away chain each sigh,
And the still dews, like blessings,
Descend from the sky,
When a deep spell is lying
On hill, vale, and sea,
My warm heart is flying,
Sweet spirit, to thee.

When stars like sky-blossoms
Above seem to glow,
And waves like young blossoms
Are swelling below,
When peacefully the river
Flows serenely, and
The waves like young blossoms
Are swelling below,
In the heart of the blast,
When winds are swelling
From earth, air and sea,
My warm heart is swelling,
Sweet spirit, to thee.

When the night-dews are riding,
Like ghosts on the gale,
And the young moon is gliding,
Sweet, lonely and pale,
When the ocean is sobbing
In restless unrest,
And the great heart is throbbing
All within its breast,
When the strong wind is wrestling
With billow and reef,
My warm heart is nestling,
Sweet spirit, with thee.

When I am slumbering faintly
In joyous gleam,
And a thousand romances
Are bright in my dream,
When visions of brightness
Like young angels start
From the light of my heart,
All wide from thy heart,
When thy calm sleep is giving
Thy dream-wings to thee,
Oh, say, art thou living,
Sweet spirit, with me?

THE OLD FOLKS' ROOM.

The old man sat by the chimney side,
His face was wrinkled and wan,
As he leaned both hands on his stout oak
Cane.

As if all his work was done.

His coat was good old fashioned gray,
The pockets were deep and wide,
Where his "pipes" and his steel tobacco box
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man likes to stir the fire,
So, near the logs are kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What saw he in the embers there?
And pictures of other years;
And now and then they waken smiles,
But often started tears.

His wife sat on the other side,
In a high-backed, flag-stem chair,
I see the pile of her muslin cap
The shawl of her silver hair.

There's a happy look on her aged face,
As she looks into his eyes;
And Nellie takes up the stitches dropped
For grandmother's eyes are dim.

Their children come and read the news,
To pass the time each day;
How it starts the blood in the old man's
To hear of the world away.

Be kind to the old, my friend,
They're worn with this world's strife,
Though brighter they have fought
The stern, fierce battle of life.

They're old, my friend, but they're not
The feeble, feeble old folk;
They're old, my friend, but they're not
The feeble, feeble old folk.

OLD TIME AND I.

BY MARK LEMON.

Old Time and I, the other night
Had a quarrel together;
The wine was golden, warm and bright—
And just like summer weather.

Quoth I, "There's Christmas come again;
And I no farther Christmas;
Time answered, "At the old, old strain—
I'll give thee pass the pitcher.

"Why measure all your good in gold?
No rope of sand is weaker;
"Come lead, fill up your beaker.
Hark! hark! how true friends more
Are coming!

"And loving ones more loving?
I could not say, "A few—a few;
So keep the liquor moving.

"Hark! hark! how true friends more
Are coming!—His cheeks flushed;
"Well, surely that's a bumper."
"Nay, hold a while, I've seen the just
Find all their hopes grow dimmer."
"They will hope on, and strive, and trust,
And conquer!" "That's a brimmer."

"Is not because to-day is dark—
No brighter days before I die—
There's rest for every storm-tossed bark."
"So be it! Pass the jorum."
"Yet I must own I should not mind
To be a little richer."
"Labor and wait, and you may find—
Hark! an empty pitcher."

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
We would only stop to take it;
And many a stone from the better land,
Or the golden heart would wake it.

The sunny soil that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,
To the golden heart, the golden heart,
Till the wintry storm prevails.

But to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep
Through the gloom.

When the golden clouds are rifted,
There is never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morn;
And the dawn, the dawn, the dawn,
Is the hour before the dawn.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our daily pleasure,
That is richer than the jeweled crown,
Or the golden heart would wake it.

It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

But to weave in the web of life,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep
Through the gloom.

When the golden clouds are rifted,
There is never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morn;
And the dawn, the dawn, the dawn,
Is the hour before the dawn.

The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. X.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 28, 1874.

No. 43.

Selected Story.

STORY OF THE WHALE.

Capt. Davis, an old whale-fisher, has written a book about the monsters of the deep, and from it we make the following sketch:

The whale-fishery is considered one of the best schools for seamen that we have. But the relations between officers and men were as brutal on the vessel in which Captain Davis sailed his first voyage as on most ships in other services. The captain and officers were tyrannical masters, and the men vindictive slaves. The rope's end and, on one occasion, the revolver were the arguments used to bring refractory sinners to their senses. The officers swore at the men aloud, and cheated them to their faces. The men swore at the officers in an under-breath, and were treacherous in dark corners. Once there was a revolt, the men protecting a lad from the captain's cat-o'-nine-tails. The mutineers were imprisoned without a trial by an ignorant consul of the United States in one of the Hawaiian ports, and were released after many months by a war vessel. Quarrels, threats, blows, and desertions were of frequent occurrence, and out of the large crew that sailed from New London only four or five returned home in the same ship.

The good days of co-operation were waning, we should think, when Captain Davis went to sea. But there was never a time when the crew refused to work, or allowed a whale to pass without lowering the boats and cheerfully risking their lives in its capture; and a can of grog was never sent to the fore-castle nor a kind word said that did not awaken manifest gratitude in these poor sons of the sea. Considering all things, we think that the sailors were to be blamed, least. A pathetic incident is related of the illness of a boy named Beers. He was left alone and unprotected, without nourishment or medicine, on a narrow shelf in a foul-smelling, vermin-infested pantry. When one of the fore-castle hands found him he was delirious, murmuring the words over and over again, "Oh, how lonely to die so far away from home and friends!—how lonely! how lonely!" And when he recovered consciousness he stroked the hand of his comrade and continued in the same strain, "I should not mind dying near the shore in the track of other vessels; but here, so far at sea, how lonely! how lonely!" His spirit was not released until after many hours of suffering, and he died "babbling of green fields."

All life on shipboard were treated by one formula. A powerful dose of Epsom salts was first administered to the patient, and if that effected no improvement, a still more powerful dose of jalap followed, with the object of neutralizing the salts. But if neither medicine produced a favorable change, they were supplemented by a potion of calomel that either killed or cured.

In the long voyage around Cape Horn to the sperm-whale ground there are few incidents that have not been often described before. The vessel is followed by the flying-fish, the pilot-fish, and the albatross, and in smooth weather the crews are drilled in capturing a dummy whale. A spar is towed astern, and the greenhorns in the boats manœuvre around it with a great deal of earnestness, and are taught some of the tricks of the trade. But as soon as they reach the Banks of Brazil actual service is due, and each man is alert for the strutting cry from the mast-head, "There she blows!" The ship is under sail during the day only, and in the night she stands by under close-reefed canvass, an arrangement which allows the crew long watches below, and prepares them for hard toil during the day. The captain and mates strain their eyes across the waters, and the humblest deck hand is not less zealous and anxious. When at first the word is heard from aloft, and is repeated quick and oft, the boats are manned with such alacrity and precision as are seldom seen elsewhere.

The American whale-boats, by the way, are unequalled in beauty, speed, and durability. They are twenty-eight feet long, swelling amidships to six feet in breadth. The gunwale is twenty-two inches above the keel amidships, and rises with an accelerated curve to thirty-seven inches at each end. The elevation of bow and stern, and a clipper-like upper form, give them a duck-like capacity to ride advancing waves that would fill and sink ordinary boats. The gunwale and keel are of the very best timber, and are the heaviest parts, giving a firmness to the rest of the structure. The planking is of half-inch white cedar. We scarcely hope that these specifications will interest the landsman, but by them the quality of the boats shall be known to watermen. Let us add that one of these boats can be lifted by two men, and that it will make ten miles an hour in a dead chase by oars alone.

The equipment of each consists of a line tab, in which are coiled 300 fathoms of the best hepen cord a mast and sprit-sail; oars, harpoons, and lances; a small apparatus to extinguish the fires that might be kindled by the friction of the cord drawn from the reel; a water keg, lantern, candles, compass, waif flags on poles, and bandages for wounds. The harpoon is a somewhat similar instrument. There is a modern invention, called a bomb-lance, which is not often found in American boats. It is an iron tube about eighteen inches long, sharp at one end, and provided with elastic wings at the other, which serve as the feathers of an arrow. The tube contains six ounces of powder and a fuse, and is aimed at the whale's vital parts. Sometimes, it kills instantly, but it is considered uncertain in fastening, and, as we have said, American whale men generally avoid it.

In boats of such lightness as we have described the royal game of the seas is chased and attacked. His moods are variable, his courage is always the same. Sometimes he is killed by the first dart of the harpoon, and dies a quiet death; at other times he fights for hours at a time, destroys boat after boat, mangles the men, and even charges at the ship itself. Such a vicious customer was one of the first Captain Davis had to encounter.

As soon as the harpoon had struck him, he swiftly ran a short distance under water, carrying a line with him. Then turning in his course, he rose to the surface, and rushed at full speed, with his head out of the water, for one of the boats, which he stove in and rolled over. The captain's boat, in which Davis was bow-ast, came to the rescue; but as the captain saw that the men were not in immediate danger, and that a third boat was approaching, he left them swimming, and attempted to coax the whale away from the wreck, which the enraged monster was threshing with his terrible jaw. Just then the whale noticed the swimmers, however, and rushed toward them, with his jaw at right angles with his body. But before he could reach them a second harpoon was hurled into him, and with that to accelerate his speed, he ran away to the windward, towing the captain's boat in the wake.

It was then the duty of the bow-ast to grasp the fastening line and haul the boat alongside the enemy, so that the lance might be used upon the huge body. But it was impossible owing to the increasing speed of the whale, and the savage manner in which he tossed his flukes. The captain used an implement called a spade, with the hope of severing the tendons of his tail, and so bringing him to; but the operation was unsuccessful, and he ran with undiminished speed, often rolling as he went, so as to give the flukes a side cutting power, with the intention of crushing his little antagonist. Under similar circumstances the ordinary manœuvre of the hunters is to sheer the boat to one side of the whale by taking a right of the line over one side of the boat.

"In this instance," Davis tells us, "the bow-ast had been tugging at the line for an hour, but was utterly unable to get the boat in advance of the flukes of the whale. A little line might be gained for a short time, but it would soon be torn through the clinging hands, almost taking the flesh with it. This was certainly very aggravating to the excited captain, who was a religious man, and under his own vine and fig tree, with none to rile him, I guess he would average well on the patience line. But with all our troubles on this day, I believe he wished there had been no sin in a rippling oar."

"He was a little hard on his bow-ast man, and rather more than hinted at somebody's cowardice. This was too much for my hot Welsh blood, and with the aid of two others I brought the boat right up to the iron in the whale's body, and coolly passed a blight

Miscellaneous.

THINGS GENERALLY.

BY MAX ADELER.

—Some of us, down on the Delaware, are preparing to celebrate in November the anniversary of the arrival of William Penn and the signing of his famous treaty with the Indians. That treaty particularly deserves to be celebrated, for under it William gouged over three million acres of land out of the savages in exchange for a couple hundred dollars worth of hatchets, plug tobacco and ten penny nails. That was the beginning of our present Indian policy. We carry on the same noble system yet. I have been finishing up my antiquarian studies for the anniversary, and among other things I have resurrected a legend of William which may be valuable. Never mind where I dug it up. Here it is:

Soon after landing, Penn is said to have inspired a tender passion in the breast of a beautiful Indian maiden, for some time it was considered probable that the two might possibly be joined together in matrimony; but this was not to be, and the reason why it was not to be is explained in the following conversation which occurred between the lovers one evening while they were sitting together upon the bank of the river. The maiden said to him:

"Dearest, I long to have you become one of my people, and I want you now to let me adorn you with ear-rings and to fasten this ring to your nose, so that you may appear as noble as the other braves."

"Excuse me, darling," he said "but I daren't wear jewelry. The yearly meetin' won't allow it."

"But you will come to our council fire to-night, dear, will you not?"—and join with the chief, and the warriors in dancing about our captives, who will be tied to the stake? I know you will come."

"Well, if it makes no difference to you I believe I won't. I don't dance. It's agin' our discipline."

"Ah, then I will tell you what you shall do. You shall sit by the great tree and beat the war drum and make the fierce music of battle. You can surely do that?"

"Upon the whole I really don't think I can. You see I'm down on the fierce music of battle. I'm opposed to music of any kind, and particularly to that which is hampered out of a war-drum. No, I'll have to beg off."

"But at least you will go with me to the lodge of the medicine man and see him perform his wonderful feats of magic?"

"I'm afraid that I'll have to contradict you agin' my love. Our folks have testified agin' goin' to places of amusement. I'd be disciplined, sure as fate, if I was to do it. Can't do it sweet, anyhow you fix it."

"Too bad! Too bad! But you will not object, I know to letting me toy with your tresses and fix them into such a crest as our braves wear proudly upon their heads. This you cannot refuse me?"

"Now see here, my dear, do be reasonable. You know I can't let you do that. You certainly must know that I ain't allowed to take off my hat. Why, it's absurd."

"I do not understand the ways of your people. But I am willing to submit to you, if I know that you love me. You do love me, William, do you not? Swear that you love me. Swear by your moon—no the moon is not out—swear by your stars that you will never cease to love me."

"I'm afraid I'll have to get out of your book of discipline and read it to you. When you've perused it a couple of times may be you'll understand that I never swear; I affirm."

Then she rose, looked at him a moment with ineffable scorn, and fled into the trackless forest; so that match was off and William Penn was left disconsolate. This is as much of the legend as I have scared up thus far. If it seems to interest antiquarians may be I can excavate the rest of it.

I have before mentioned the fact that it is a common practice in Philadelphia to build thirty or forty houses all precisely alike, in a row, so that a man who lives in the middle has to begin at the corner and count in order to tell when he reaches his residence. My friend Partridge, who occupies one of these houses, has been spending the summer in the country, his residence being closed

try, his residence being closed

meaning. A few nights ago he happened to be in town, and passing by his dwelling he saw lights in the second story. He knew at once that burglars were engaged in robbing out his valuable, and he instantly flew to the police station and obtained a squad of police to capture them. Two officers were sent around into the back yard, and the others pried open the front window shutter, and together with Partridge, entered the parlor softly with the intention to surprise the burglars. The parlor and hall were dark, and the squad proceeded quietly up stairs, feeling that they had everything in their own hands. Just as they reached the first landing they met one of the burglars coming down in the darkness. They grabbed him, and as he yelled a good deal they knocked him on the head a few times, and after manaculating him, laid him out in the entry. Proceeding to the front room they broke the door open and found nobody there but a woman who was scared half to death. The officers were about to seize her, when Partridge came in and recognized her as Mrs. Kellogg, the wife of the man who lived two doors below him. In fact it was Kellogg's house and Kellogg was lying below in the entry with chains on his legs and a lump as big as an egg plant on his head, and mad, besides. Partridge's house was as safe as ever. Then the police swore some and went home, and Partridge remained to soothe the Kelloggs. It cost him \$400 in cash and even then they were down on him. He is going to move. He wants to find a junk house with a green cupola, in the centre of a thirty-acre field. He wants a conspicuous house that he can recognize at a distance.

Judge Pitman's chimney has been foul for some time and when he mentioned the fact at the drug store, Mr. Squills said he could easily clean it out by exploding a little powder in the fire place. The idea seemed to Pitman to be a good one, and he bought almost ten pounds of powder in order to do the work thoroughly at the first blast. The men were busy gravelling his roof that day, and just as the Judge was about to touch off the charge a workman named Snyder leaned over the top of the chimney to call to the men below to send up more tar. Then the Judge lit the slow match. The view which met the eye of Mr. Snyder as he went up was a fine one, embracing as it did Cape May and Omaha and Constantinople and Baltimore and the Sandwich Islands, and when he got enough of drinking in the scenery he came down in the river apparently with the intention of exploring the bottom. When he was fished out he was glad to learn not only that the Judge's chimney was thoroughly clean, but that it would need about four cart loads of bricks to repair damages. After this the judge will clean his flues with a brush fastened to a clothes prop.

I see a paragraph going around telling of a girl who fell out of a window while listening to a serenade. This reminds me of Peter Lamb's adventure down our way a year or two ago. He was serenading one of the Metcalf girls, and she was leaning out of the window, with the shutters bowed so that he could not see her. Lamb's little tune contained one high note, and he struck it so suddenly and with such terrific force, that it made her jump. She lost her foothold and described half a somersault, one foot hitting Mr. Lamb squarely in the face, and the other smashing in the top of his guitar. Simply ejaculating "Gosh!" he leaped up from the gutter and fled, under the impression that old Metcalf had thrown a bedstead at him, while Lucretia picked the cat-gut and basswood from her toes, twiggied up her back hair and went in the house. Lamb stopped visiting her, and last year he married the widow Jones who has four children and a cowlick.

Shakespeare, you will remember, says that "The morning cock crew loud." I do not know what the divine bard intended this remark to refer especially to Cooley's rooster, but it fits him with singular exactness. I do not know what the breed was—Black Spanish, I believe, but he was the most animated, earnest, whole-souled and vehement rooster anywhere around. He turned out earlier and crowed louder than any other rooster in the State of Delaware. He could crow oftener in a minute, he could hold on the last note

longer, and begin again quicker

than any known barn yard fowl; and he would often wake up in the night and emit half a dozen vociferous screeches in order to make sure that he had not lost his voice since sunset. When he began to run up the scale in the morning, he soon had every other rooster within ten miles hard at work, and I used to be able listening to the vocal contest, and observing how Cooley's bird always got more noise out of his larynx than any four of his competitors. I shouldn't have minded it if he had been a little further off, and slept later. But when I live alongside of a rooster that is an early riser and has a voice that is a cross between a fog whistle and a steam coffee mill, the matter becomes serious. It was useless to complain to Cooley a bout the chicken. He owed me a grudge for banging his balloon to slitherers. So in self-defence, I procured about a dozen small torpedoes and pasted them carefully over with flour. Then I strewed them on the bed in my garden wherever the bird was wont to disport himself in the early morning. He crowed a good deal that morning before I came down, but toward breakfast time I noticed that his voice seemed somewhat softened, and his vocal exercises less frequent. When I went out I found him standing upon one leg, looking abjectly miserable, moving his head from right to left as if he had something in his mind; and I observed that the torpedoes had disappeared. I moved toward him with the intention of jamming him against something, when he suddenly attempted to jump over the fence. He fell short and struck the post. There was an explosion, and the rooster—oh! where was he? A couple of drumsticks were found by somebody out in the turnip-pie, and a stray gizzard was picked up in the grave yard, while a few bloody feathers were scattered over Cooley's asparagus bed; and that was all that was ever known about it. When this meets Cooley's eye, he will understand what that rooster disappeared, and he had better take the news calmly. No Spanish rooster shall interfere with my rights as an American citizen.

PAY THE PRINTER.

Lives there a man with nose so red, that never to himself hath said, "I'll pay before I go to bed the debt I owe the printer?" [Brandon Republican.]

Yes, there are some I know full well, but they fear will go to—well the place where there's no winter.—Panola Star.

You're blind, Star, your reason's dim, or you'd not argue such a whim; e'en the devil would not accept him who fails to pay the printer.—Tepelo Journal.

Quite as cool as snow in winter, 'tis to die indebted to the printer; our brother editors' heads are level—so mean a soul's sure to see the devil.—State Journal.

Unless perchance he should repent, in his last hour an order sent, all back dues to make him even, then surely he would go to Heaven.—Elmore Republican.

We're glad now the means are found to bring the back subscribers round, so when you've run your course of years, pay then at last your full arrears. But not arrears to have to pay, is better far, we think and say.—St. Charles Herald.

There are good farmers, yet we know 'tis true, That get behind—and owe a year or two. And sometimes sickness comes, and it may be They owe the printer not one year but three. And thus his debt goes on from more to more, Until he finds that years have grown to four.

Now every honest farmer says, if I'm alive I'll pay the printer else I cannot thrive. My corn will rust my wheat will smut In spite of all I do, My wagon stick fast in the rut, Till I pay the printer's due.—Southern Farmer.

"Do you understand the English language?" said a McLean county man, addressing a lightning-rod agent. "I do," replied the agent. "Then I'll be—if I want any of your rods." The lightning-rod man somewhat electrified, drove on.

Nearly seven and a half million tons of guano available in the newly discovered beds in Southern Peru—which will tend to fertilize the finances of the country greatly.

"Artaxerxes, my boy," said Mr. Marrowfat, "remember the dying words of Socrates: Never marry a woman that kicks sideways."

A BRIDEGROOM UP A TREE.

From France that land of romance, comes a new and pathetic story. A young man in the bloom of health and vigor was engaged to be married to a beautiful maid. This ingenious youth had one eye fixed on the main chance, and arranged with his future father-in-law that on the day of his marriage certain "real estate," should be transferred to him. The memorable morning arrived; the air was laden with the perfume of flowers, the birds sang, and the villagers held a festival similar to those which we see in Italian operas. The bride party reached the chapel, which lay encoined among the traditional elms. Through its church-yard meandered a streamlet, whose silvery ripples glistened in the morning sun. Punctual to the time the cure arrived and took a preliminary pinch of snuff as he surveyed the people before him. Everybody settled in to his or her allotted place. The ceremony was about to commence, when it suddenly struck the bride that the bridegroom was non est. She clasped her hands to her heart, and with a piercing shriek, fell senseless. Clear as a bell over the clamor that ensued was heard the voice of the father calling upon his friends and relations to go in search of the missing one. High and low they hunted, but the game could not be found. At last the "coon was treed," and they discovered the object of their search comfortably ensconced among the spreading branches of a lofty oak. On being requested to descend he inquired "if they saw anything green about him," to which those below, who had their eyes on his surroundings, replied, "Plenty." In the midst of an exchange of violent epithets, he gave a characteristic remark to the following effect: That "he would be damned if he would until that real estate was transferred." While the bride was thus bowed down in anguish, and the bridegroom boughed up in the tree, the father-in-law tore his hair, and amid sobs and tears urged the unreasonable nature of the request, but to no effect. Finally, the document was brought forth, duly signed, and the recalcitrant bridegroom slid down the tree. After the necessary repairs were made in his pantaloons with his rentes secured and his rents sown up, the bridegroom adjourned with the rest of the party to the chapel. The bride recovered from her faint, the cure took a fresh pinch of snuff, and the knot was tied.

"TAKE IT OUT AS YOU DID BEFORE."—A certain quasi-commercial "gent," travelling in the north of England, stopped at a commercial house. He ordered dinner, and enjoyed himself after the usual manner of the craft—the "pint of port" not being omitted. When he was about to depart he called up mine host, and gravely informed him that he was very sorry he had no money to pay the bill, but that, if allowed to leave in peace, he would one day return and square up. Now, the Landlord had been victimized in this way before, and was irate. He said he would take it out of his customer by kicking him down the steps of the hotel, and he did so.

Some time afterward, to the Landlord's intense astonishment, the "commercial" reappeared. He was polite, and forgiving; he bore no malice, he said, and he should be glad if mine host would favor him on this improved occasion with his company at dinner. The victualer was taken aback; he felt that on the previous occasion he had been harsh and had misjudged his customer, and with profuse apologies he consented to dine with the man he had before violently ejected from the house. The "commercial" ordered a capital dinner, a bottle or so of the best wine in the cellar, and it was altogether a remarkably pleasant party of two. Politics were discussed, trade was ventilated; and all went on merrily till the good things were exhausted. Then the dinner-giver rose, and in the coolest manner possible, addressed the landlord as follows:

"I have very much enjoyed this entertainment; but as to the bill, I am afraid you will have to take that out as you did before!"

White servants will be employed at the new United States Hotel, Saratoga, much to the disgust of "colored ge'mmens."

They now say that Bozart didn't cheer his band, at all, but hid in a cornfield as soon as the fight began.

PAT AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

"Ticket to New York," said Pat, the other day, at the Providence railroad station.

"By the Shore Line?" inquired the ticket clerk, who always wants to be certain with this class of customers.

"Shure line? Faix I do, and mighty sure too, for I want to see me brother Dennis in Worcester, shure, an' the way."

"That's not the Shore Line—You want to go to the station on Albany Street."

"Divil a bit do I want to go to any station. Faix, I was in a station all night for givin' an omdahn a black eye that was black-guardin' me, jist."

"You don't understand. The Shore Line don't go to Worcester."

"Augh, bother that! Me brother towid me the train was always sure to go to Worcester, and I want the shure train."

"No, no," said the clerk, laughing. "This train does not run to Worcester, this is the Shore—Shore-Line—on shore. You understand what coming on shore is, don't you?"

"Coming ashore, is it? An is it laughin' ye are, because ye think I'm just ashore, and I've more than a dozen times wid the train of the world sixth since I set me foot in Ameriky?"

"I tell you this train does not run to Worcester."

"Don't it? Boddad, perhaps it walks there thin, for I've heard it things bein' slow and shure."

"If you want to go to New York by way of Worcester—"

"I don't want to go any by way, aric; it's the shure way, I towid ye and stop at Worcester."

"This road don't stop at Worcester, I tell you; it goes to New York."

"An' Worcester is between Boston an' New York?"

"Yes, but not on this road."

"Augh! go away wid ye! Give me me ticket, and let me go—Faix, I'll stop at the road don't."

"There's a ticket for New York," said the clerk, "but you can't stop at Worcester with it, mind that."

"Shure I do," said Pat, pressing over his currency. "Faix, I've no desire to stop at Worcester and I shure, I'll leave it wid some gentleman in the car till I return."

The case was hopeless, and the ticket-seller was obliged to let Pat go, but could not help but smile at the task the conductor had in prospect.

A LETTER FROM A FATHER.—Here is a gentleman's letter to his son in college:

"MY DEAR SON—I write to you two pair of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some new socks which your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you two pounds, without my knowledge, and for fear you may use it wisely, I have kept back half and only send you one. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles which we think would spread among the other girls if Tom had not had it before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHERS."

It is proposed that men who are bald headed have their monograms painted on the bare spot.

Why has the hog the most brains of all the animals? Because he has a hog's head full of them.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

A long winded orator is said to have a sleeping car attached to his train of thought.

In what case is it absoildly impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a watch.

Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life.

Patience is a flower that grows not in every one's flower garden.

Powdered meerscham is now used by ladies as a cosmetic.

A bad habit to get into—a coat that is not paid for.

A near lantern is better than a distant star.

Trifles make perfection, but perfection itself is no trifle.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 50c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.

Special notices in local column 50 cents per line.

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